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Wayside Crystals.

WAYSIDE CRYSTALS

BY

H. M. POOLE.

As crystal rills flow from the hills
When fields and woods are gay;
So crystal beams of joyance, stream
Upon our common way.

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LIFE CRYSTALS.

The world is full of crystals. Swift or slow
Or dark or bright their varying formation;
From calm, pure heights of pure, untrodden snow,
To fire-wrought depths of earliest creation.
And life is full of crystals; forming still
In myriad shaped results from good and seeming ill.

Yes! forming everwhere; in busiest street,

In noisiest throng; Oh! how it would astound us,

The strange soul chemistry of some we meet

In slight and passing talk! For all around us,

Deep, inner silence broods o'er gems to be,

The angels only can behold its voiceless mystery.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

Up o'er the shining ways of light
That flash across the starry skies,
Up to creation's loftiest height
The pathway of the spirit lies.
Where countless constellations gleam,
The soul triumphant shall ascend,
Shall drink of Life's eternal stream
And with new forms of being, blend.

No boundless solitude of space

Shall fill man's conscious soul with awe,

But everywhere his eye shall trace

The beauty of eternal law.

Sweet music from celestial isles

Shall float across the azure seas,

And flowers, where endless summer smiles,

Shall waft their perfume on the breeze.

No empty void, no rayless night,

No wintry waves by tempests tossed,

No treasures ravished from the sight,

No blighted hopes, no blessing lost.

But all that was or yet shall be,

Through endless transformations led

Shall know, through Life's sublime decree,

A resurrection from the dead.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

BEAUTY.

The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The acorn's cup, the rainbow's arc,
The swinging spider's silver line,
The ruby of the drop of wine,
The shining pebble of the pond,
Beauty inscribes as with a bond,
Which, in its momentary play,
Would bankrupt Nature to repay.

R. W. EMERSON.

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.

Not material jewels rare
Will my song their praises sing,—
Wondrous though they be and fair,
Sought by beauties who would wear.
Priceless are those of our King;
Rarer, purer, choicer far,
Gems my song will sing of, are.

Know you now the gems I mean?

Seen and unseen jewels bright;

You've beheld them oft, I ween,

In the glistening, pearly sheen;

Pendant e'en at morn or night,

From each beauteous shrub and tree,

Yielding worship silently.

And the unseen gems, you know,

Are the ones of priceless worth;

Let us wear them well below,

Wear them when or where we go;

Spirit ornaments on earth

Fit the wearer for above,

There to have a crown of love.

HAZEL WILDE.

MY OWN.

Somewhere on Earth,

Marked, sealed, mine from its hour of birth,

There lies a shining stone,

My own.

Perhaps it is still in the quarry's hold,

Oh! Pine tree, wave in winter's cold

Swifter above it; in the summer's heat

Drop spices on it thick and sweet.

HELEN JACKSON. (H. H.)

SIMPLE FAITH.

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever summer saw;
And cool their water is — yea, cool and sweet;
But you must come to draw.

They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveler strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live.

CAROLINE SPENCER.

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